



THE LAWRENTIAN



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Respect Day forum raises awareness to an all-time high

BY RYAN JAMES
CONCERNED, YET IDLE, CITIZEN

Following last term's Respect Day and motivational talk by Paul Wesselman, the Lawrence campus is enjoying record-high levels of awareness, according to a recent report from the multi-cultural affairs committee.

"I'm surprised at all the awareness," Wesselman told the Lawrentian earlier this week in a phone conversation. "Pleasantly surprised, but surprised nonetheless. Were you aware of how much awareness there is on campus?" This reporter had to admit that he was not aware. "Shame," was the reply. "Shame. Your lack of awareness is part of the problem we are trying to solve."

Following the recent activity on campus, various leaders at Lawrence have reported noticing how aware so many of the students seem to be. "Now, part of this may be simply a result of relaxing spring breaks, but I'd like to think that it is a direct result of Respect Day activities," said Dean of Students Nancy Truesdell.

Others have reported hear-



Paul Wesselman, featured Respect Day speaker, inspires awareness. At his right, Josh Powell is struck with the awesome power of awareness.
Photo by Ryan James.

ing students actually discussing the topic of awareness while in line at Downer, and some even continued their discussions after they sat down. Librarian Susan Richards echoed this observation, pointing out that she had been forced to chase several "very aware" students out of the library after the building had closed for the night. "I wasn't aware of how dedicated these students are," she marveled.

What is most heartening about this shift in awareness, according to numerous sources, is how well it demonstrates the power of hastily assembled home-made signs and scrawled colored-chalk slogans to effect

social change. "We're not suggesting to do away with research and discussion," claimed our source. "But it's amazing what you can do with a marker and a few pieces of poster board. I'm actually eager for some new problems to arise, just so we can once again whip out some posters and fix everything really fast."

The rally has also raised awareness concerning the university itself. Dan Woljerski, a long time Appleton native, told the Lawrentian that he wasn't even aware there was a college "anywhere near here" until he heard about the hate crimes and the rally. "I was totally

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Three sent to Health Center following epic-sized cat fight in Co-op House

BY RYAN JAMES
ANIMAL CONTROL SPECIALIST

Sketchy. Random. Mad Crazy. These are the words onlookers used to describe the scene at the Co-op House late last Monday, when an ordinary evening of cooperative living suddenly turned to tragedy.

According to authorities and eyewitnesses, the Co-op House, located at 129 N. Lawe St., was the site of an epic tooth-and-nail cat fight that sent three of the house's residents to the campus Health Center with minor injuries and several others to bed early with severe emotional strain and super bad headaches.

Of those injured in the catty free-for-all, doctors are forecasting a speedy recovery with few complications.

"The actual injuries—mostly scratches and scrapes—were for the most part trivial," said Dr. Charles McKee, the physician who treated the three young women Monday night. "Much more serious were the infections just beneath the tooth-

and nail-inflicted lesions, apparently caused by a home-grown fermented bean curd salve the girls applied to the wounds themselves."

The Co-op house itself, however, sustained damage that was by no means trivial, according to security staff that responded to the violent shrieks and wails that pierced the city's calm late Monday evening.

Lawrence Security's official report describes a decor that was hopelessly disheveled—"a futon-filled environment strewn with broken anklet beads, tufts of hair, and pages ripped from religious studies notebooks and organic cooking manuals."

Examining the trail of flaky detritus, Chief Security Officer Jon Meyer speculated that the conflict, which involved approximately 10-12 residents, probably originated in the kitchen and then radiated throughout the house in a dusty, cartoonish cloud of kicking feet and extended claws.

"But I can't even imagine the cause of events that must

continued CATFIGHT; page 12

Chaney to offer "The Glory That Was Glam-rock"

BY RYAN JAMES
ORIGINAL DRUMMER FOR T-REX

Taking a course from Emeritus Professor of History William Chaney has long been a major component of the Lawrence difference. However, Chaney's specialty, the history of western civilization and its seminal importance in the development of the modern world, holds little interest for many Lawrentians. In an attempt to reach out to these students who have always wanted to take a course from him but who are turned off by the history of western culture, the professor will offer a new course next year, entitled "The Glory That Was Glam-rock."

Professor Chaney retired in the spring of 1999, after teaching full-time for 47 years, a Lawrence record. He had planned to teach one course a year in the spring, beginning with the "History of England to 1485" during Term III of the 1999-2000 academic year. Other courses

he has offered in the past include "The Glory that was Greece," "The Grandeur that was Rome," two terms of medieval civilization, and a seminar on heroic societies.

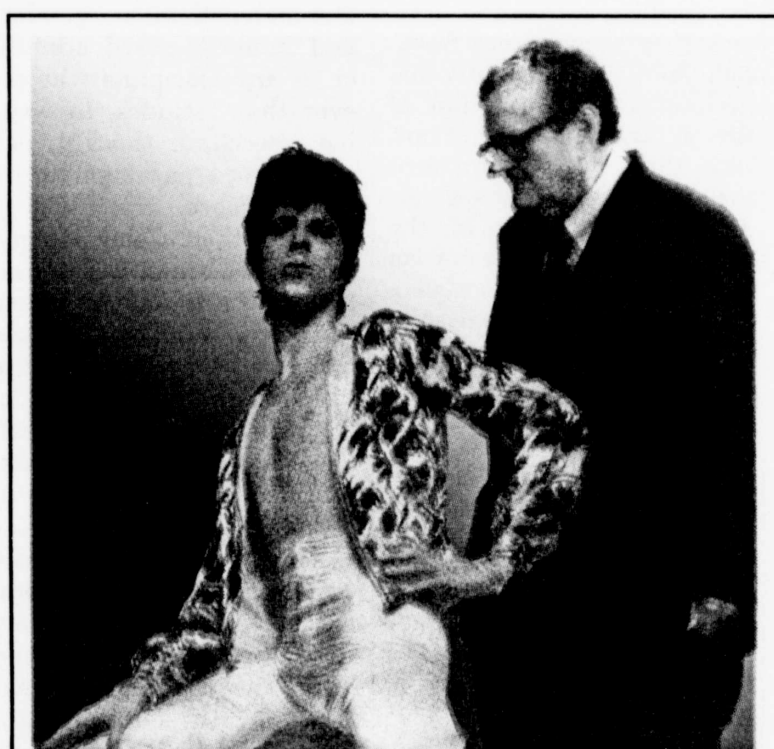
Chaney said the course will trace the beginnings of glam-rock with David Bowie, Gary Glitter, and T-Rex, breaking into the '80s with Kiss and Twisted Sister, and its decline and fall with hair-metal bands like Def Leppard, Mötley Crüe, and Slaughter. The course will attempt to put the music in its proper social and cultural context. Chaney admitted the course was unorthodox, but stated "the winds of change blow straight into the face of time." He likened the winds of change to a storm wind ringing the freedom bell for peace of mind.

Most faculty members believed that when Chaney announced he would "catch up on research" it would involve conventional venues including libraries, museums, and the occasional archeologi-

cal dig. To the shock and dismay of many, the professor "conducted research" for his new course by touring with White Snake, Poison, Great White, and Ratt.

President Warch sounded his dismay over the decision, predicting that Chaney was "headed for a heartbreak." Warch prefaced the statement by lauding Chaney for his previous accomplishments. "Professor Chaney is a fellow of the Royal Society of Arts; he has published countless articles and reviews; he has organized countless Main Hall fora and delivered Freshman Studies lectures on works from the fourth century B.C. up through the middle ages, and that's not to mention the range and depth of his encyclopedic base of knowledge. But I suppose every rose has its thorn."

Dean of Faculty Brian Rosenberg also met Chaney's teaching choice with scorn. "He took it all too far," said Rosenberg. "But boy could he play guitar."



To have been a fly on the wall... Recognizing its significance early on, Chaney discusses the finer points of glam-rock with David Bowie while on sabbatical in London in the early '70s.

File Photo, Ryan James.

Chaney responded to accusations that he was giving up on his past scholarship and going against the liberal arts principles. "Here I go again on my own," Chaney

remarked. "I'm going down the only road I've ever known. Like a drifter I was born to walk alone." In response to criticism that his decision

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Kohler Hall to go sterile

The Residence Life Committee announced that Kohler Hall will become sterile field next year. Residents and visitors will have to enter and leave through an air-lock and disinfectant chamber in the lobby. RLAs will also be required to oversee a weekly saline wash of the entire building. RLA David Scott feels that this adaptation is extreme but needed, and allows that "at least the new space suits we'll have to wear mesh wonderfully with our current all-white uniform policy."

In response to this recent change, the Residence Life Committee has made the unprecedented decision to release a memo which will outline those items allowed in Kohler, rather than those not allowed, in order to "save some trees." Among the six items listed are distilled water, ivory soap, 35-watt lightbulbs, and James Taylor CDs, and the committee is warning Kohler residents that their electricity privileges may be taken away if "those damn lamps stay on past eleven."

Amy Uecke tells the Lawrentian that this is the most significant change in Kohler Hall since M&Ms were discovered to contain Yellow #5 and were summarily removed from the vending machine to uphold the chemical-free atmosphere.

Cool Guys in back row know eight words of Spanish

Based on observations during second term, students in SPAN 12 have determined that the three cool guys in the back row know roughly eight words of Spanish. Wearing scuffed white UVA baseball caps and rumpled Tommy Hilfiger outfits, doodling in the same notebook they've had since freshman year, and constantly discussing the consumption of alcohol and things that are lame, the three guys are obviously very cool. They are also completely ignorant of the Spanish language, able to form only one-or two-word answers to discussion questions despite taking classes for three years in high school and two terms at Lawrence. The eight words the cool guys know are: hola, si, senora, fajitas, Cancun, chicas, cerveza, and the third person singular conjugation of the future conditional tense of ganar, ganaria.

Grounds Crew Lays Landmines On Library-Main Hall Path

Frustrated by the ineffectiveness of peaceful deterrents, the Grounds Crew, a militant wing of Physical Plant, commenced laying mines along the dirt path between Main Hall and The Mudd Library. The path, known popularly as the Veritas Road, has long been favored by students over the indirect route offered by side-

walks. In the past, Physical Plant used trees and posts with orange tape strung between them to discourage use of the path. Last Friday, however, Physical Plant Chief Harold Ginke determined that these obstacles were not working and allowed the Grounds Crew to pursue more aggressive tactics.

Grounds Crew demolition experts immediately began laying an assortment of fragmentation mines along Veritas Road. The solution seems to be working—the mines have already claimed ten victims, including two students and a string of "Rope Children." "Well, I guess that's the last time I walk that way," observed one victim, senior Evan Wyse, as he inspected the two bloody stumps that were once his feet.

The local chapter of Amnesty International is planning a protest against the landmines for next Tuesday, which organizers say will attract "at least fifteen students, we hope."

Goldgar refuses to die

Aging Professor of English Bertrand Goldgar announced Monday, to a select audience of female undergraduates, that he has recently decided not to yield his physical being to death—not this year or any year.

"Look, you can die or do any ridiculous thing you want to—I don't give a damn," Goldgar told the young women. "I just don't think it's for me, is all."

Goldgar later qualified that he might consider dying in the future, but not until he secures the unconditional surrender of all those who participate in certain "flaky academic trends," including Post-Modernism, Deconstructionism, gender- and minority-based studies, or in any discipline whatsoever that includes, in writing, speech, or thought, use of the word 'paradigm' in its modern sense.

Until then, Goldgar plans to reap the benefits of eternal life on Earth, chief among which, he said, will be the "sheer joy of witnessing the looks on the mortal faces of my colleagues as they realize, in their final moments, that I will outlive them for an eternity to come."

Goldgar's refusal to die comes on the heels of the professor's earlier unlikely refusals to attend faculty and committee meetings; to treat fellow faculty, staff, and students with civility or respect; to serve as an advisor to freshmen; to teach a section of Freshman Studies; or to leave his office and go home at night like every other professor at Lawrence University.

Public response to Goldgar's decision has so far been negative.

Performance of "Almost Falling" disappoints, says James

BY RYAN JAMES
NOT A DANCER

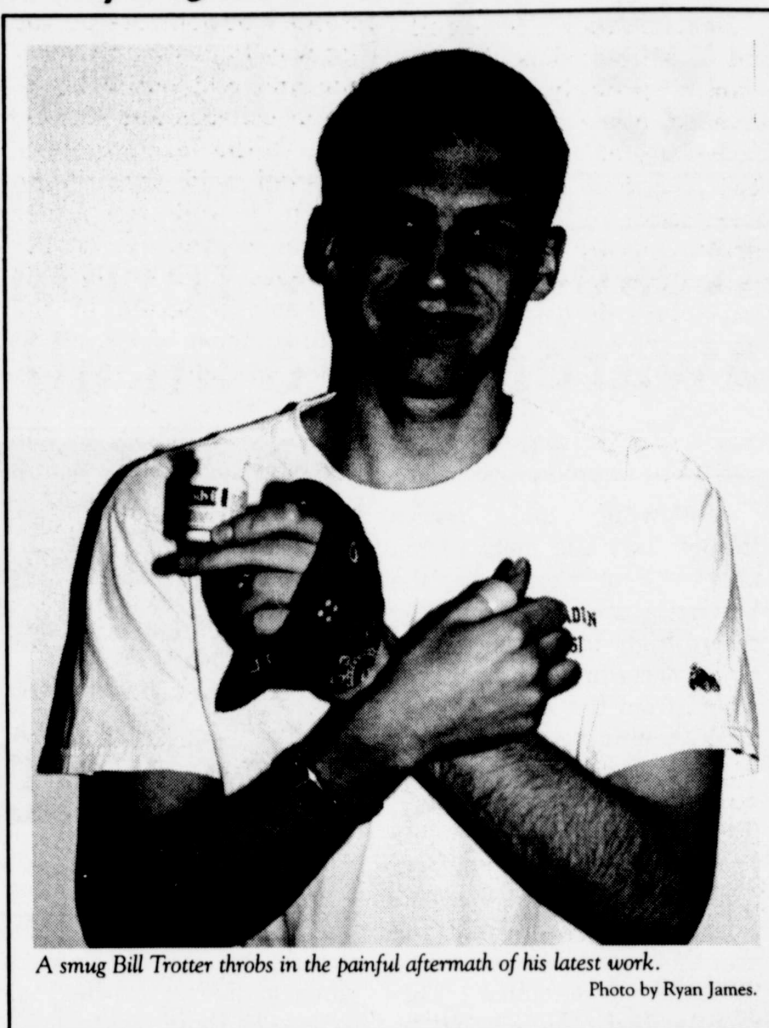
William Trotter's March 10 performance of the eagerly awaited "Almost Falling" will certainly be remembered as one of the art world's greatest disappointments of 2000. Any follower of Mr. Trotter (indeed, of performance art in general) rightly anticipated a work that would both inspire and confound, that would draw upon the medium while also bringing into question the very reliance we, as audience, have on said medium. Unfortunately, such was not the case. Mr. Trotter displayed none of his characteristic wit, erudition, or even his trademark, the mumbled obscenity, which proved such a delightful surprise in earlier works.

"Almost Falling" is a simple piece: indeed, there is little or no "performance" in this piece, a suggestion of Trotter's genius—creating a work so inherently simple as to deny critical interpretation. Yet, Trotter had achieved this balance before in earlier works, and one suspects he was simply falling back on proven narrative techniques.

The piece's action is swift, so fleeting that it concludes before one is able to savor the construction. A slip, a gentle skidding across the "ice" (one is reminded of his earlier, more convincing piece, 1997's "Split Lip on Snowy Bank," which utilized the medium of "ice" in a manner heretofore not seen in the field), a sharp yet gentle swaying motion of the upper body, with wonderful arm maneuvering. Perhaps the most impressive section of the piece came at the three-quarters mark, when Trotter managed a half-turn of his entire body while maintaining the "slipping" movement—a bravura performance unfortunately unable to restore the rest of the work to one of success.

The ending was particularly disappointing, as it turned upon a simple resolution of the action, indeed, mere words: "Woah, that was close," indeed a comedown from such earlier finales. (For a much more successful finale, one is advised to turn to 1998's tour de force of balance loss, "Main Hall Steps," in which Trotter finished his dizzying display of athleticism and feigned-clumsiness with a short, succinct, yet deeply touching, "Oh, s**t!")

Perhaps the greatest disappointment of "Almost Falling" was that so many rich possibilities lay open to the artist. Mr. Trotter has shown in earlier works that he is a master craftsman, with a keen eye for detail and



A smug Bill Trotter throbs in the painful aftermath of his latest work.

Photo by Ryan James.

symbolism. For who can forget what many consider to be his masterpiece, "Balls for Lunch," in which a castrated German shepherd bit into his scrotum? Most impressive about the piece was not the sudden savagery of the action or even the immensely emotional statements by the artist, but the ironic symbolism of the artist being "castrated" both artistically and physically by his "art," in which the medium itself had already suffered its own castration. Admittedly, such heights are difficult to achieve even once, and perhaps those who anticipated a similar creation were expecting too much of Trotter.

And yet, it is Trotter himself who has led us to demand more from this auteur of agony. In such earlier pieces as "Wet Floor" and 1993's classic "Fore!!," humor proved the dominant motif, but he quickly outgrew such levity, pursuing darker, more complicated visions. In works such as 1996's "Don't Touch My Wheelchair" or 1997's "Rug Burn," Mr. Trotter effectively balanced his own

weakness for comedy with the aesthetics of confrontational drama. But there have been glimpses of the human behind the artist, most remarkably in last year's "Shot Down," a stunning departure from his intense physical pieces, in which the action turned on Mr. Trotter's emotional difficulties after being snubbed by an attractive young lady.

But perhaps the main cause of failure was due to audience response. A trademark of Trotter's work has been the erasing of the line between audience and art. I am reminded of 1997's "Hasty Descent," in which he plunged headfirst down a long flight of wet stairs, and, after which, an audience member actually broke through the boundary between art and life, and placed a "Wet Floor" sign near the steps, a move so quaint yet utterly believable in its simplicity that I applauded it. In "Almost Falling," however, the audience response was virtually

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AWARE: all time high

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shocked to hear about this college thing—I guess I'd better start paying more attention to big catastrophic events like this." An unnamed source tells us that, while the events surrounding the publicity were unfortunate, "no publicity is bad publicity."

But rest not easy, the report cautions us, for while the new levels of awareness are impressive, there is still progress to be made before everyone gets

along and we achieve the Utopia which clearly dangles just out of reach. "Why, even this morning," the Lawrentian was told, "I stumbled across a young man who didn't look particularly aware, and when I asked him if he was or not, he answered that, no, he wasn't all that aware, to tell you the truth." Despite setbacks such as these, as long as awareness is maintained via posters and sidewalk art, Lawrence will continue to progress into the twenty-first century.

Campus-wide collaborative design of new union a success

BY RYAN JAMES
— ILLEGITIMATE SON OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

Dean Nancy Truesdell and President Rik Warch beamed proudly as they unveiled plans and artist's renderings of the new student union yesterday. Observers immediately agreed that the decision to design the new union by simply allowing every campus group to tuck on what they wanted was a rousing success. The 2,830,556 square-foot facility, Warch said, will have something for just about everyone, although he quickly added that if anyone has more suggestions, the blueprints have not yet been printed and there is still time for further revision.

Already, the new union's plans boast features that will put Lawrence at the forefront of student union design. In addition, "Chronicle of Higher Education" architecture editor Andrew LaFontaine noted that the revolutionary design process of blind

acceptance of all suggestions submitted will soon be accepted nationwide as the best way to design all academic and residential buildings at colleges and universities. Of the design process, Truesdell said that, "even though I and the other member of the Junta For Residence Life established the basic program of the building, most of the credit for the splendor of this new building surely goes to the countless members of the Lawrence community whose helpful suggestions enabled us to really keep our eyes on the ball and ensure that no group or individual was forgotten, except, of course, the Frats."

Indeed, the fraternities were denied any opportunity to make suggestions because, in the words of one anonymous Junta member, "going to the union would require frat members to get up out of their beer-soaked couches, shut off their Nintendo 64s, and set foot outside the quad. And we all know that's not going to

happen anytime soon." The fraternities responded by submitting a flood of vitriolic postings on the Downer Sucks website and blasting Twisted Sister's "Were Not Going To Take It" out their windows.

In the meantime, other campus groups are delighted by the new Union. Viking Room supervisor Carl Kanter explained with glee that the VR will be entirely rebuilt to look exactly like the set of "Cheers," the long-running television sitcom. Kantner also confirmed that they have contracted an actual cast member from the show to be employed in the VR. "We wanted Woody Harrelson, but he insisted that the VR also be a hash bar, so we settled on George Wendt. We think cuddly old "Norm" will provide great atmosphere."

Other features include:

- A new Jeff Jones-Campbell Scott Omni Theatre for the OM film club that will show first-run

OmniMax movies and OmniMax classics such as "Everest" and "The Blue Planet."

- A student art gallery with motorized track lighting and movable walls to provide the display flexibility that Arts Association says is currently unavailable in the coffeehouse. "The coffeehouse doesn't have the kind of dignity that our figure studies deserve," explained one art major.

- A DFC-sponsored "Menstrual Comfort Room" stocked with big fluffy pillows, international coffees, Jane Austin novels, and Dar Williams CDs.

- A Turkish bathhouse sponsored by Pride.

- Four identical gourmet kitchens, one for Kosher

Jews, one for vegetarians, one for Vegans, and one for heartless, carnivorous sinners.

- A full printing press for use by the Lawrentian, the Spectator, the Utter, Tropos, and the Ariel. Lawrentian editor Lance Benzel noted, "I don't foresee any major scheduling conflicts with the press."

- An unventilated 6' x 6' smoking lounge in the basement. Paul Shrode confirmed that there will be no furniture of any kind allowed in the room.

- A Greenfire-ORC room whose purpose is unknown, although anonymous sources confirmed that the organizations had ordered planters, dirt, fertilizer, and grow lamps.

Main Hall professors taken to J-Board for smokin' in the boy's room

BY RYAN JAMES
— SALES REPRESENTATIVE FOR NICODERM®

Students and faculty looked on in shock and horror as three veteran professors, with heads hung low, were marched out of the Main Hall second floor men's restroom last Monday, March 28, by Dean of Faculty Brian Rosenberg. Professors Boardman, Lanouette, and Fritzell will all appear before the Judicial Board and be appropriately censured for their actions.

All of Main Hall was declared non-smoking at the beginning of this academic year. No professors have been allowed to smoke in their own offices. Boardman, Lanouette, and Fritzell and their odious habit have since become a regular fixture on the Main Hall steps.

It appears that the professors were taking advantage of the beginning-of-the-term confusion in order not to resign themselves again to the long trek outside. All three professors were found inside one stall of the men's room. "The restroom was full of smoke," said Dean Rosenberg, "but what really tipped me off was the giggling and coughing coming from the stall. I knocked, the voices stopped and, after some whispers, there was a flush."

Professor Boardman stuck his head out and claimed that he was trying to fix the toilet, with the help of Professor Fritzell and Lanouette, who just happened to be nearby. "I saw a pack of cigarettes behind the toilet," continued Rosenberg, "and knew evil was afoot. I asked who they belonged to." Fritzell and

Boardman pointed at each other and Lanouette blurted out, "It was Pete's idea! I didn't want to."

Fritzell objected, "But, but, they're TRUE!" See? Where does "smoking" come from, Hhngk?" Boardman added, "Let's say, if Boardman is smoking a cigarette in the bathroom, and he puts it out on Pete's arm and throws him out the window, then it's your fault!" and Lanouette said, um, something in another language.

Rosenberg said he was not fazed by their clever and audacious replies and ordered them out of the restroom at 11:17 a.m. Security was called immediately and the professors were escorted to the Sampson House "holding pen." The Judicial Board promised swift and decisive judgement.

GLAM: Chaney to teach glam rock

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was a hasty one, Chaney stated firmly that he had made up his mind, and that he planned on wasting no more time.

Not all professors were shocked by Chaney's decision. Professor Ryckman was reminded of a course Professor Boardman taught during the 1991-1992 academic year. The course, entitled "Rights, Duties, and Behavior in suburban high schools," was based on the Brat Pack and John Hughes films of the mid-eighties. Ryckman saw a

parallel between the two, noting "it's the same ol' situation, the same ol', same ol' ball and chain."

Professor Carr responded with mixed emotions to the decision. "As a scholar of Christianity, I'm excited he's evaluating the meaning of religious imagery in such songs as "Fly to the Angels" by Slaughter, "Heaven" by Warrant, and Poison's classic rocker "Fallen Angel." However, I'm worried the course will be nothing but a good time, and how can I resist?"

The Board of Trustees

issued a stern rebuke to Chaney. The official memo credited Chaney's decision with causing campus-wide "hysteria," and concluded "we're not going to take it."

The new course will be listed as History 89, replacing Historiography as a required course for the history major. On a related note, if the new course is successful, Professor Hittle has already stated his desire to replace "Byzantine History" with a course that analyzes the construction of masculinity in the Huxtable and Seaver families.

Apollos [sic] Lyre fans respond

TO THE EDITOR:

As were [sic] sure you know, campus [sic] favorite alternative rock band, Apollos [sic] Lyre performed at the end of last term after your paper went to print for the last time so you were unable to review the show (we did see several students associated with the Lawrentian in the audience, though).

In the past, the Lawrentians [sic] coverage of the band has been a bit pedantic, focusing on minor details of the performance. Nonetheless, we would like to take this opportunity to explain a few things about the bands [sic] performance that night. One might have perceived that the drums

were too loud and that the bass was a quarter step sharp from the rest of the band. This is not at all the case. It is misperception that is the result of the Unions [sic] faulty sound equipment. We would also like to remind everyone that they have another performance coming up and that its [sic] going to feature a lot of the bands [sic] new music. We would like to take this opportunity to point out that any lack of originality or wit in the music will be the fault of the unions [sic] sound equipment.

—Apollos [sic] Lyres
[sic] biggest fans

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The Lawrentian currently has openings in several departments. Interested parties should send résumés to the address above. We will only accept résumés. Anyone who sends a resume will be required to clean our bathroom before we consider him.

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Cohen becomes first man to break WNBA gender barrier

BY RYAN JAMES

STARTING CENTER FOR THE HOUSTON COMETS

At a packed press conference in Main Hall 109 last week, Professor Paul Cohen announced he was leaving Lawrence to pursue a basketball career with the WNBA's Indiana Fever. By doing so, Cohen, a specialist in French intellectual history and the pick-and-roll, will break the WNBA's gender barrier, which has stood since the league's inception in 1997.

Cohen cited various reasons for his career change. He expressed excitement at facing greater competition than the usual Tuesday evening mix at the Rec. Center. He also remarked that when he travels with the Fever, he is given a double hotel room big enough for even a government professor.

Cohen is the first Lawrence professor to turn pro since Religious Studies Professor Dirck Vorenkamp signed with the Milwaukee Bucks in 1998. Vorenkamp cited "personality conflicts" with coach George Karl as his

reason for returning to Lawrence.

Reaction to Cohen's career change was mixed. The New York Liberty's Rebecca Lobo exclaimed "our womyn's league doesn't need any y chromosome." She added that "this is the first time in the herstory of the league something this egregious has happened."

Cynthia Cooper of the Houston Comets was also wary of Cohen. "Eric Hobsawm's theory of nationalism is distorted by his socialist perspective, and yet Cohen still considers it the benchmark in all his scholarship."

Lawrence faculty were largely supportive of Cohen's decision. Professor Jerry Podair exclaimed "I've been a Knicks fan since the days of Bradley and Jackson but for a history professor to play in the WBNA, this... I... it's just totally unbelievable."

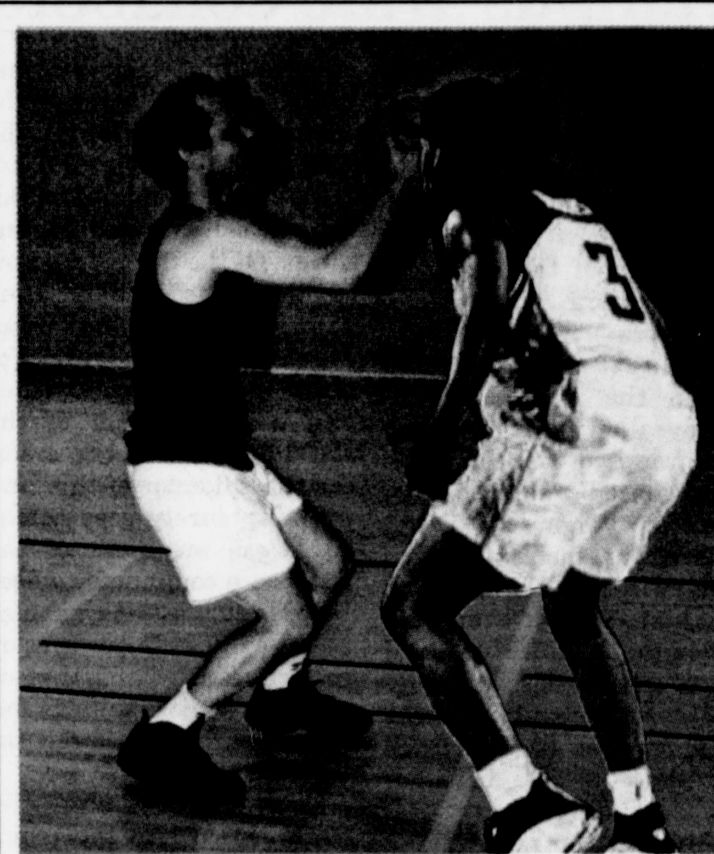
Professor-emeritus William A. Chaney remarked "I knew James Naismith [the inventor of basketball] back at Harvard. Thornton Wilder

and I told Jim that if he didn't require that the ball be bounced, or dribbled, basketball would become another brainless contact sport suitable only for Merovingians."

Cohen noted feeling trapped in his own identity as the first man in the WNBA. "My height is a paradox, my age is a paradox, my very existence is a paradox. In the company of children I am like a giant of the Old Testament, yet I am dwarfed by the very power forwards on my team. I am the oldest player in this league, but if knowledge is youth, then I am eternally young. The only thing that is not a paradox is the objective truth of my deadly outside shooting."

Male-studies professors across the country met Cohen's decision with uncompromising approval. Cohen's move has been compared with other milestones such as the addition of baby-changing tables in gas station men's rooms and the vasectomy.

Professor Cohen will assume the starting shooting guard position with the



"Paradox" Cohen shows one of his new teammates how they used to shoot the ball in the money games on the hard courts of the U. of Chicago History Department.

Photo, Ryan James

Indiana Fever when the season begins later this year. He refused to speculate about whether he would ever return to Lawrence. Dean of Faculty

Brian Rosenberg stated that the university would begin a search process for a new position in the history of Greenland to replace Cohen.

Football player refuses to drink Hooch

BY RYAN JAMES
CONNOISSEUR OF FINE MACROBROWS

At a recent party in Sage Hall, a senior member of the Lawrence football team refused an offer of a bottle of Hooch, a fruit-flavored alcoholic beverage. The player also refused advances of Boone's strawberry wine, Adler Brau's jazzberry wheat, and Zima, "something different."

He contrasted his experience with that of the Greek myth of Persephone. "Persephone blooms in the spring and summer, and must return to Hades for the winter months. For me, the season of harvest is the early fall when Leinenkugel's produces

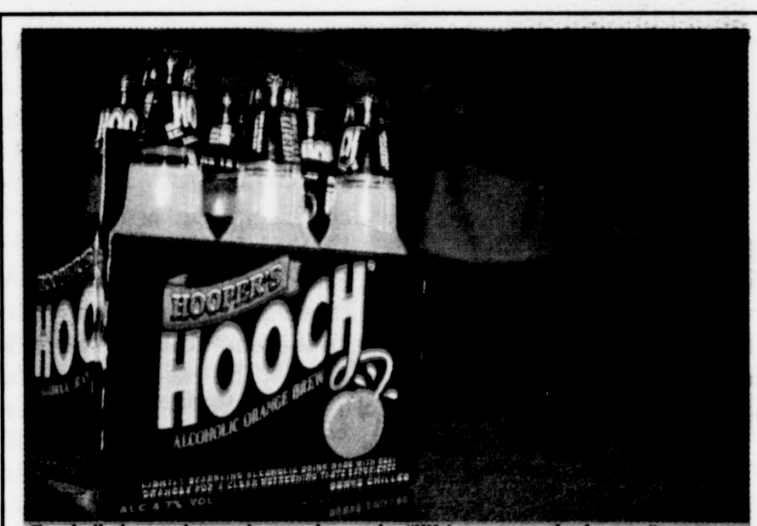
their Auburn Ale. That season only lasts until the early spring, however, when Berry Weiss replaces it on the liquor store shelves."

Another senior male, a member of both the Outdoor Recreation Club and the soccer team, turned down the Hooch as well. "I'm a pretty open guy... I'll listen to everything from the Eagles to Bob Marley. I'll eat diverse cuisine from Taco Bell's new chalupa to General Tso's chicken at Hunan 1, and I'll watch anything from the action-packed movies of Bruce Willis to the thoughtful suspense of Kevin Spacey. I have a taste for most any beer, from Budweiser to

Leinies red. There comes a time, though, when every man must take a stand, and I draw the line where fruit and barley come together."

After several minutes of semi-intense grilling, the soccer-playing outdoorsman did admit to once trying Samuel Adam's Cherry Wheat, but only once, and having not enjoyed the experience.

Hooch is not unknown on the Lawrence campus. It is the favorite alcoholic drink of the cross-country team. A recent visit to Downer Commons revealed that ninety-four percent of the Lawrence Hooch consumption could be isolated to the long-table at the far end of



Football players draw a line in the sand. "We've got standards, too," says one.

Photo by Ryan James

dining room A.

The Sage football player remarked "I guess it's okay if other people drink Hooch, that's what the Bill of

Rights is supposed to protect. All I know is there better not be any neon-orange six-packs at my NCAA finals party next week."

ART?: Trotter falls short

nil, possibly due to the fact of a small turnout. Indeed, the only observer was a friend of the artist, and his response was a smirk.

Yet Trotter is not disappointed by the piece's reception, and he has never been one to worry about the critics. I asked him if he didn't agree that it was the very banality of the piece, perhaps the over-used medium of ice, that caused "Almost Falling" to fail. He replied, "But, you see, I don't view it as a failure. I had deliberate intentions for this piece, and while they differed dramatically from earlier works, I feel it also lived up to my expectations. Look, one can point out the weaknesses—I admit, my use of symbolism

and irony was small, and perhaps the juxtaposition of my blue jacket against the whiteness of the snow was a weak one. Yes, a red jacket would have been far more powerful, not only by standing out from the white, but as a foreshadowing of possible injury, blood spilling. But I am still happy with this piece, and am already at work on a new one." I asked Mr. Trotter about his new work, and he said it will be titled "Incident on Fifth Street," and uses, as his medium, the aforementioned Fifth Street and a Mack truck. He promises his followers that it will prove to be both the zenith and the finale of his impressive career.

CATFIGHT: Co-ops duke it out

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and yet Co-op house president Lindsay claims that the week of March 26 was Jamie's week to collect all the organic refuse in the house and take it to the compost pile located in the rear of the Co-op lot, a duty that Lindsay claims Jamie never performed.

In fact, Lindsay further attests that on March 26 and March 27, she herself ended up carting the refuse, which is hardly fair because why should she always have to clean up after Jamie?

But according to Jamie, emptying garbages "was totally not her responsibility that night."

Jamie insists that she had traded her garbage duties Monday night for housemate

Janice's dish duties sometime the previous week—an idea that was Lindsay's in the first place—so that her "so-called friend" Janice could go to a the Ani DiFranco concert two weekends ago with her boyfriend and all his friends from Trever Hall, all of whom, says Jamie, "are totally stupid."

Janice, who was super-tired because housemate Katie and all her friends were blasting alternative folk-rock groups Phish and Dar Williams until, like, 3 a.m. the previous night—even though everybody knows that Sunday night is quiet night and you're not supposed to have friends over or play music past 10 p.m., not that Katie cares, of course—was unavailable for comment.

According to one eye-wit-

ness, she was recovering after fainting dead away upon finding that pesto sauce spilled in the conflict had completely destroyed the yak-hair sandals her mother had bought from an ashram gift-shop in Southern Tibet while on a business trip there last autumn.

Campus security is currently waiting to question Janice, but nevertheless fear that with nothing to go on but eyewitness accounts from the twelve residents present at the time of the cat fight they will never truly know what caused it.

And in the wake of the cat fight, residents of the Co-op have been left to try to make sense of the tragedy, and to try to put their beloved house back together again.